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THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

VOL. I.—No. 9. MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1881. ONE PENNY.

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AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.—THE NATIONAL THEATRE.—AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager.—THE WORLD, pronounced by the *Times* Newspaper, in its review of the theatrical year, to be most undoubtedly the greatest success of the year. By Augustus Harris, William Rignold, Macklin, Gibson, Boleyn, Lilly, Gresham, Ridley, and Harry Jackson; Miss Fanny Josephs, Miss Fanny Brough, Maud De Vere, Miss M'Namara, and Miss Louisa Payne.—THE STORES, at 7.30. A Cabinet Minister, Director of the Stores, Mr. Walter Pelham; his Daughter, Miss Kathleen Corri; a Leader of Fashion, Mr. Douglass Cox; the Secretary of Stores, Mr. De Lange; a General, Mr. Gregory; an Admiral, Mr. Boughton; a Bishop, Mr. Buccalossi; an Æsthete, Mr. Weldon; Shopkeepers, Swells, Duchesses, Marriageable Maidens, Soldiers and Sailors, the Bulgarian Army.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Sole Lessees and Managers, Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, MASKS AND FACES. Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Conway, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Dacre, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Teesdale, Mr. Stewart Dawson, Mr. Smedley, Mr. Dean; Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Canninge, Miss Wade, and Miss Marion Terry. At 8, TAMING A TIGER.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—THE CUP.—THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.—Alfred Tennyson's Tragedy, THE CUP, THIS EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight. Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Irving, Mr. Terriss. THE CORSICAN BROTHERS at Half-past Nine. Mr. Irving. CORSICAN BROTHERS.—Last Morning Performances, Saturdays, March 26 and April 2.—Louis and Fabien dei Franchi, Mr. IRVING. Doors open at 2.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—THIS EVENING, at 8, MICHAEL STROGOFF. Mr. C. Warner, Mr. H. J. Byron, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin; Messrs. J. Fernandez, Irish, Rosier, Warren, Russell, Palmer, Proctor; Mesdames Bernard-Beere and Gerard. At 7.15, BARNEY THE BARON. Mr. Shiel Barry, Miss Clara Jecks.

OLYMPIC.—JENNIE LEE.—JO.—FAREWELL PERFORMANCES.—THIS EVENING, at 8.30. Miss JENNIE LEE; Mesdames Dolores Drummond, M. Leighton, F. Smithers, C. Steele, F. Leyton, C. Humphreys, &c.; Mr. J. P. Burnett; Messrs. Howell, Dolby, Compton, Andrews, Leigh, Crisp, &c. Preceded, at 7.30, by FAMILY JARS. Misses Smithers and Leyton. Messrs. Compton, Crisp, Grahame. Box Office open 10 till 5. No Booking Fees. Carriages 10.45.—General Manager, Mr. J. H. COBBE.—OLYMPIC.

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ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.——LAST THREE NIGHTS of EDWIN BOOTH as King Lear.—TO-NIGHT, at 7.45, Shakespeare's KING LEAR. King Lear, Mr. EDWIN BOOTH, with carefully-selected Company. Preceded, at 7.15, by THAT BLESSED BABY.—On MONDAY NEXT, March 21, Mr. EDWIN BOOTH, will appear as Shylock in THE MERCHANT OF VENICE and Petruchio in KATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—THE MONEY-SPINNER, a New and Original Comedy, by A. W. Pinero, at 9 o'clock. Lord Kengussie, Mr. Kendal; Baron Croodle, Mr. Hare; Harold Boycot, Mr. Clayton; Jules Faubert, Mr. Mackintosh; Millicent Boycott, Mrs. Kendal; Dorinda Croodle, Miss Kate Phillips; Margot, Mrs. Gaston Murray. Preceded by A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING. Mrs. Gaston Murray, Miss Cowle, Miss Kate Phillips; Mr. Wenman, Mr. Draycott, Mr. Denny, Mr. Cathcart, Mr. Brandon, and Mr. Kendal. Doors open at 7.30. NO FEES.

PRINCE of WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.40, will be produced a New Comedy, in Three Acts, called THE COLONEL, by F. C. Burnand. Preceded, at 7.50, by IN HONOUR BOUND, by Sydney Grundy. Mr. Coghlan, Mr. Flockton, Mr. W. Herbert, Mr. Eric Bayley, Mr. Rowland Buckstone, and Mr. Edgar Bruce; Miss Amy Roselle, Miss Myra Holme, Miss C. Grahame, Mrs. Leigh Murray, &c. Doors open at 7.30; commence at 7.50. Box Office open daily, from Eleven to Five.—THE COLONEL. MATINEES, SATURDAY NEXT, March 19, and the following SATURDAY, the 26th instant. Doors open at 2, commence at 2.30

COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT.—TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, HEARTSEASE. Messrs. Forbes Robertson, Price, Darley, Fitz Roy, Doone, Phipps, and Anson; Mesdames MODJESKA, Giffard, Varre, Clifford, and Emery. Preceded by, at 7.15, TWO OLD BOYS. Doors open at 7. Carriages at 11. Box Office open from 11 to 5. No Fees.

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STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manageress, Mrs. SWANBOROUH.—THIS EVENING, at 8, a New and Original Opera Comique, in Three Acts, entitled OLIVETTE, adopted from the French of Chivot and Duru. Written and produced by M. B. Farnie. Preceded, at 7.30, by A SUMMER CLOUD. The Entertainment supported by a Powerful Company. Doors open at 7. Box Office open daily.—MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.0.

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FOLLY.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. L. TOOLE. TO-NIGHT, at 7.30, HESTER'S MYSTERY. At 8.15, 334th Time, a New and Original Comedy, in Three Acts, by Henry J. Byron, called THE UPPER CRUST. Barnaby Doublechick, Mr. J. L. Toole. At 10.15, THE STEEPLECHASE. Mr. J. L. Toole. Box Office open 10 till 5.—Prices: 1s. to £3 3s. No Free List. No Fees for Booking. Doors open at 7.—MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW, PAUL PRY and THE BIRTHPLACE OF PODGERS. Doors open 1.30. Toole in both Pieces.

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H. FREEMAN.

THE CUCKOO

News and Gossip of the day.

VOL. I.—No 9. MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1881. ONE PENNY.

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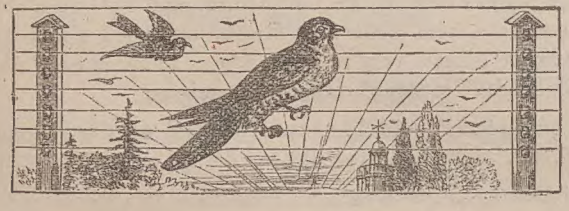

News from Abroad.

A splendid ceremonial solemnised the removal of the Czar's remains from his palace to the cathedral in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. Here they will lie in State until the 27th.

First the Czar's horses, then the Court officials, bearing, on cushions, the seventy-five decorations which the dead sovereign used to wear; next, nobles of Russia carrying the nine crowns of the Muscovite realm; and, after them, a body of priests and choristers robed in black and silver, chanting the funeral anthem.

Superbly ornamented with gold, and drawn by eight horses in rich caparisons, the funeral car rolled by, the four oldest generals of the army holding the corners of the pall, while immediately after them, and on foot, walked the new Czar.

Behind him was all the royalty of Russia, and, after them, passed, on horseback, in stately procession, the foreign princes, representatives of Powers, and, in coaches, the ladies of the Court.

In the second coach, with the Grand Duchesses Constantine, Michael, and Catharine, was the Duchess of Edinburgh.

A great deal has been now written about the late Czar, but the terrible romance of his life will never be exhausted. What could that life have been valued for? Surely not its happiness.

Wearing armour under his clothes lest assassins should spring upon him, never daring to open a letter lest a blinding powder should be contained in it, nor to eat or drink till each article had been tasted in his presence, nor to smoke lest poison should be in the cigar, nor to go home by the way he went out lest he should be fired at—these were among the conditions of his daily existence.

Some rather unfavourable comment has been caused by the conduct of the Empress of Austria in pursuing her favourite sport in Cheshire without a single day's intermission, while all the Courts of Europe are in mourning for the late Czar. There is, of course, no connection between the two circumstances; but it was certainly strange that the Austro-Hungarian Parliament was the only Assembly in Europe or America which did not pass a vote of condolence with the family of the murdered Emperor.

Uneasy rests the head that wears the crown of a Romanoff. The new Czar has received information, through a document forwarded by the Executive Committee to the Minister of the Interior, that he has been unanimously condemned to death, and that his "execution" will take place at no distant date.

M. Jaluzot, the great Parisian mercer, is said to have been ruined by the recent conflagration at his magazine.

The loss on goods and premises is estimated at 2,000,000 francs.

In the afternoon of the day of the fire, M. Jaluzot received all his *employés* in his office at the Rue de Tivoli. He there released them from their engagements, and announced that he was just able to pay the wages due to them.

All the books and correspondence of his house have been burned, and M. Jaluzot is utterly penniless. "He has not so much as a watch in his pocket, nor the money to buy one." Nevertheless, he trusts that his commercial intelligence will inspire confidence and enable him to start again shortly.

Kruger and Pretorius are opportunely ill. If the Boers now commit any gross breach of faith, such as seizing our provision waggons, &c., the leaders will be able to say that their men were very much to blame, but that *they* could not possibly help it, &c., &c., &c.

I am afraid we almost deserve to have some treachery exploded upon us. But it is terrible to think of the consequences of a renewed war, with the Orange Free State added to the Transvaal—and perhaps a large proportion of the Cape Colony added to the Orange Free State.

Champagne and toasts are unequivocal symptoms of an advanced civilisation. India has therefore been civilised a long time, for both Mahomedan and Hindoo princes have for years been in the regular habit of combining those western features of social entertainment in their own convivialities.

Persia has now followed suit, for we see that the Naib-i-Sultanat, the son of the Shah, at a recent banquet provided French wines and gave toasts in French. This is, no doubt, very civilised indeed; but the Shah, his father, goes much further. For a True Believer he is dangerously infidel in his manners and customs.

A bicycle club has been started at Berlin by Englishmen and Americans. The idea is to facilitate touring expeditions. It is a comfort, however, to those who don't like tourists, to remember that bicycles can't go up mountains.

Milan is becoming another Paris. At any rate, Americans are making it their home.

New York is exporting more sympathy to Ireland. If our American cousins would turn their attention to the unfortunate pigs we have heard so much about of late we should feel obliged to them.

Lord Ripon arrives at Simla to-day.

H. M. the King of the Sandwich Isles, who is knocking about the world trying to pick up subjects, will visit India soon. Indian coolies would suit the Sandwich Islands exactly.

A handsome surplus may be looked for in the Indian Budget, to be announced at the end of the month. It's Baring; that'll be a proud man.

In his triumph, though, let him not become stiff-necked. His brother is known all too well as over-Baring.

It is not generally known, but it is true nevertheless, that the Government of India is once more presenting the Ameer of Cabul with small arm ammunition.

Yet Liberals bitterly denounced the same conduct on the part of the Conservative Viceroy.

H. M. the Lord of Countless Umbrellas and King of untold White Elephants, threatens to invade British India. The nearest point of our Empire to Burmah is Munnipur, a tea district in the extreme north-east, and it is said that the Burmese intend to raid upon it. Troops are being moved up.

News from the Country.

Cowes is making efforts to build for herself a more respectable town hall. The present one is chiefly remarkable for discomfort and an ancient and fishlike smell. The Foresters' Hall is cleaner and less difficult of access. It was there the Prince of Wales went last year to hear Vance, and the people of Cowes went to gaze on him, and watch his genial enjoyment of every joke.

Should the town hall of the future ever get itself built, the promoters are not without hope that, as of old, the R. Y. S. ball may be held in the town.

Yorkshire is fortunate in the possession of its college, and that college is fortunate in the possession of a textile fabrics department. Here is a true instance of an educational institution being adapted to the requirements of the district in which it is established.

If one could get at any reliable statistics in the matter, it would be interesting to estimate how much of its success in the manufacture for which it is so especially famous Yorkshire owes to the existence of a textile department in its college.

Why isn't the example more generally followed?

For the past three months they have been using the electric light at Victoria station, Manchester, and the Directors of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, whose hobby it is, are elated with its success, so much so that they are having a series of experiments in their telegraph offices, with a view of applying a Newcastle chemist's process of sub-dividing the electric light.

The light is only on the Lancashire and Yorkshire side of the station, and with four lamps, stationed about 200 yards apart, gives a very pleasing aspect to the once "dim religious light" of the Manchester terminus.

A builder of Bradford has come to grief to the amount of £22,000. Like buildings like builder.

Limehouse is going to have grand doings when it opens its new Town-hall. Besides the inauguration on the 29th inst., at which the borough members will "assist," there is to be a ball for the local magnates on the 30th, and on the following day the public will be—after being sumptuously fed—invited to inspect the buildings.

Five thousand people at Kilbeg are uneasy because the imprisoned Land Leaguers are not allowed to send their linen out to be washed. But we quite agree with the authorities, for if they were disguised in clean shirts some of the Land Leaguers might easily escape.

What a procession of grimy hermits there will be when these gentlemen emerge from their cells! One of the rule:

says, concerning the prisoner, "His hair is not to be cut, nor his beard to be shaved."

The rules, it is said, provide for a bath on admission to prison. One bath is certainly none too many for a year and a-half. Add to this the hair all down the back and the beards all down the front, and there you have your hermits.

Numerous migratory birds have arrived on our shores during the past week. Three swallows were seen at Cornwall on the 14th, a wheatear at Devil's Point Stonehouse, a willow wren at Notts, on the 16th, and a chiff-chaff on the 15th at Devon. THE CUCKOO is everywhere, except in the country.

Mr. Kuhe is to the fore again. He promises a grand performance of the *Messiah* at the Dome on the 31st. Among the performers will be Mesdames Patey and Osgood and Messrs. Foli and Edward Lloyd.

In connection with the Volunteer Review, a rifle prize meeting will be held at Brighton on the Saturday.

In order to relieve the shopkeepers of Sandgate from the starvation which threatens them, in consequence of the unusually small number of troops now stationed there, the War Office have determined to despatch reinforcements at once, consisting chiefly of cavalry, as this arm of the service generally spends most money.

At the Spring Horse Show at Woodbridge, on Friday, Count Munster gave a thousand guineas for two hackneys. We hear that some of the exhibitors were surprised at the fact that Colonel Barlow entertained the judges before they went into the ring. But there are some people who could be surprised at anything.

A serious landslip took place last evening near Cope Point in connection with the South-Eastern tunnel between Dover and Folkestone, necessitating the closing of the Abbescliffe tunnel, and putting a complete stop to traffic. The report that four children are missing has created much alarm in the neighbourhood.

News of Town.

Gossip of the Lobby.

Vacancies in the representation both of Glasgow and Edinburgh are on the cards, though they may not take place immediately. It is an open secret that Mr. George Anderson, senior member for the former city, would not object to accept a comfortable post, either here or in the colonies—Canada, probably for choice—and was quite willing to give place to Sir William Harcourt and the Lord Advocate, when these two functionaries were in need of seats.

Various names have been mentioned at Oxford in reference to the vacancy in its representation, caused by the unseating of Mr. Hall, amongst them being that of Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P. for Woodstock. Although the rumour is very prevalent, no one in Oxford believes in it for a moment, especially after the introduction of his "Statute of Limitations" Bill, which has entirely destroyed his lordship's chance, if ever he had one, for that city. The name of Mr. A. Brassey is more genuine.

Mr. James Cowan is weary of Parliament, and Edinburgh is not particularly enthusiastic about him. He would retire now, it is understood, but there is a danger of the Liberal party in Edinburgh being split over three gentlemen who have "claims" on the constituency—Mr. Dick Peddie, M.P. for Kilmarnock; Mr. George Harrison, chairman of the Liberal Committee; and Mr. John Iragner, an Edinburgh advocate of some note.

An address on the claims of Greece will be read on Saturday, March 26th, at Willis' Rooms, by Mr. Arthur Arnold, M.P., chairman of the Executive of the Greek Committee. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, M.P., takes the chair at three o'clock.

Does Mr. Cowen hope to abolish the House of Lords by convening meetings of obscure persons at the Westminster Palace Hotel? The convention on Saturday night was a very feeble affair, but got through a quantity of bad work. Mr. Hyndman was in the chair, (Mr. Cowen having announced by letter that he did not intend to preside at any of the meetings until he knew what line they purposed to take), and may, therefore, be accepted as the present head of "the new political party." He is the tail, also, and the middle, too, for the matter of that.

Mr. Cowen's new political movement has taken the name of "The Democratic Confederation," and among the planks in its platform, as the Yankees say, are triennial Parliaments, payment of members, abolition of the House of Lords, nationalization of the land, legislative independence for Ireland, &c.

By the way, when is Mr. T. P. O'Connor going to bring in his bill for the payment of members?

Mr. Chamberlain has offered the post at the Board of Trade, from which Mr. Giffen is retiring, to Mr. A. J. Wilson, a gentleman well qualified from his knowledge of economical questions for the duties of the office. Both Mr. Giffen and Mr. Wilson are journalists. The latter has written some very able essays on political economy, a volume of which was published a year ago by Messrs. Macmillan.

The Services.

Some ill-feeling of a silly kind has been created between the regulars and volunteers in Dover, in consequence of some staff-sergeants having been refused admission to the annual volunteer ball. Two sergeants of Engineers, dressed in plain clothes, applied for admission; but were told that last year some ladies having been informed that two staff-sergeants of the Royal Artillery were among the company immediately ordered their carriages and left the assembly, and that, under the circumstances, they could not be admitted.

The 79th Highlanders, the one unlinked corps in the Service by the new arrangement, is anxious to form a third battalion of the Scots Guards.

Sir Patrick O'Brien, M.P., whose ambition it is to be hailed the soldier's friend, meditates proposing the addition of an Irish regiment to the Brigade of the Guards. The nucleus of the organisation might be found in the warriors who made St. Patrick's Day hideous in the streets of Aldershot.

By the bye, considering that the feeders of the 18th

Royal Irish are the North Tipperary Light Infantry, and the Kilkenny and Wexford militia batallions, the exuberance on the *fête* of Shamrock and Shillelagh is hardly to be wondered at. The North Tipperary Light Infantry enjoys the distinction of being the last body of British-born soldiers to break out into mutiny; the Kilkenny boys fight like the traditional cats of that ilk, and Wexford is associated with memories of the '98 rebellion.

In *Hart's Army List* the war services of a certain officer, who had much to do with its compilation, were set down as having led the provisional depôt battalion from Templemore to the suppression of the mutiny of the Militiamen at Nenagh. The "Battle of the Breeches," as it is called, was brisk while it lasted, and some half dozen men-at-arms bit the dust, but there was no brevet after the affair—at least, not much to speak of.—Cuckoo!

The suggested suppression of the ostrich head-dress in the Highland regiments reminds me of an anecdote, which has the merit of being authentic. A colonel having hinted that the plumed bonnet was not national, a War Office don wrote to him :—"The ostrich feathers are in store; they were bought a bargain and *must* be used. I am aware the ostrich is not indigenous in the Highlands. Neither are beads in West Africa, yet savages constantly wear them."

What about the banquet proposed to be given to the survivors of the 66th at Reading? Has Colonel Lloyd-Lindsay, V.C., forgotten all about it? The remnant of the gallant Berkshires who entered Parkhurst without band or colours are not in ecstacies at their treatment.

Commodore Richards, R.N., has stiff notions of sumptuary propriety. He insists that his officers shall always appear in uniform frock coats buttoned to the throat in the Bight of Benin! But if the fiery Commodore is of the salamander type, his subordinates are not. They agree with common sense and the medical authorities that the fitting full dress should be loose white tunic with straw hat or pith helmet, and their blue flannel monkey-jacket for undress.

In the City.

The Metropolitan Board of Works will have to draw a nice little cheque of £15,312 10s. for stamp duty on their recent successful Three per Cent. loan.

Allowing for the fact that United States Funded Four per Cents. will be paid off at par on the 1st July, 1907, they yield investors, at their present price 117, as near as possible 3 per cent. The £17 eventual loss has to be considered in comparing their price with British "Consols."

To-day's prices give an exactly equal value for both Stocks.

The assassination of the Czar has had less effect upon the price of Russian Government Stocks than was generally anticipated. The fact is, the heads of several of the largest Continental financial concerns have been contemplating bringing out a new Russian loan and conversion scheme. Strenuous efforts have been made to support the market, which accounts for the comparatively slight fall which has taken place in those securities.

Fiji is to be civilised! The Land Mortgage and Agency Company of Fiji undertakes the philanthropic task—with half a million sterling of other people's money. Is this company a practical joke—a clever skit at the follies of the age?

A most reprehensible practice in Company Concoction is coming into fashion. The law, at present, compels the first subscribers to take but one share each. By fixing the price at £2 or £1 each one individual can practically get up a company. "Dummy" subscribers do the trick. The junior clerks and office boys turned into "Esq." for the nonce soon overcome the little legal technicality. Adventurers, we know, resort to all manner of objectionable methods, and in their promotions the sentence "one share each" is generally found.

The changes in Bank Shares since the beginning of the year are very unimportant. London and County have fallen 3, while the New Stock has risen nearly 2; London and Westminster (New) are now quoted at 45 against 39; Joint Stock have declined 2, Union 2½, Union of Australia 2. Bank of New South Wales have advanced 2, National Provincial £12 paid, about 2. In other respects the December 31 quotations would answer for to-day without alteration.

In what other branch can the same solidity be noticed? No wonder Bank shares are beloved by the parson.

By the way few safe investments, in this era of high prices, pay an equal dividend. All round, at present, the yield ranges from 5 up to 8 per cent. Not so bad and worth a small risk.

A wise decision was given the other day by Lords Justices Bramwell, Baggallay, and Brett, on an appeal from a ruling of Lord Coleridge. The Brunswick Permanent Building Society was empowered by its statutory rules to borrow any sum not exceeding two-thirds of the mortgages held. Advertisements emanating from the secretary invited loans, and receipts were given, as by the society, in usual course. Presently the directors discovered that the borrowings largely exceeded the mortgages. Despite an order from them to discontinue, the secretary still carried on his old process of advertising. A formal resolution stopping the advertisements was next passed, but borrowing continued, and receipts were given as before. Directorial repudiation ensued, and the plaintiff who had lately advanced his money sued both the society as a corporate body and the directors individually. Lord Coleridge gave judgment against both parties, but on appeal the society was declared "not responsible."

Several important concerns being suspected of having enormously exceeded their legal limit, the decision is of much significance and value. When directors are mulcted for the acts of secretaries, it may be found prudent to look after the public interest.

A few such verdicts and a great scandal—plurality of offices—will be doomed.

At the Metropolitan Board of Works on Saturday, the members having gone into committee for the purpose of receiving a deputation, strangers—*i.e.*, the Press—were ordered to withdraw. When the Board resumed, Mr. Dresser-Rogers, looking steadfastly at the reporters' gallery, made a few pointed remarks apparently in direct antagonism to the views of the committee generally. Mr. Freeman immediately rose, and, with unusual warmth, charged Mr. Dresser-Rogers with having addressed the Press instead of the Board. Mr. Rogers, apparently writhing under so scandalous an accusation, appealed to the chairman, who, however, declined to interfere. Mr. Freeman amidst some laughter, asked why Mr. Rogers did not give vent to his eloquence in committee instead of reserving it for the return of the reporters, and concluded with some very caustic reflections on the honourable member's conduct in general.

A few minutes after this little episode had taken place two persons were observed at the end of the front bench laughing heartily and clasping hands with the most affectionate cordiality. They were Mr. Freeman and Mr. Dresser-Rogers, who were slapping one another on the back and rolling about like school-boys who have met after the holidays.

Another two or three minutes have elapsed, and Mr. Dresser-Rogers is complaining that there is such a noise he cannot hear what is being passed, and he wishes the Chairman of Committee would explain what he is asking the Board to sanction, whereupon Mr. Runtz—who happened to be the chairman in question—gravely read a recommendation of the Committee for a few shillings to be spent in hurdles, &c., for Finsbury Park.

Should H.R.H. the Princess of Wales—foremost always in good works—succeed in making English wool fabrics fashionable, we may hope before long, for the sake of our Bradford trade, to see the rag-and-cotton "merino wool" stuffs decline into the subordinate position their inferior merits deserve.

If the advocates of merino wool demur at the epithet of "rag-and-cotton," we would ask them to explain the increase in rag imports since 1875 of fifty millions of pounds.

Mr. Gladstone, it is rumoured, is thinking of taking off half the duty on tea.

In three companies with an aggregate capital of £550,000, three gentlemen will appropriate £327,000. At this rate, investors or promoters will grow rich. I should bet on the latter.

Mr. Sherman compares the rise in English and United States exports. How ingenuous! In 1848, England was cultivated and her people emigrating; the United States, with thirty times the area, a virgin country. Consider, Mr. Sherman, the elements of size and emigration. Contrast the States with England and her free-trade colonies, and where will your argument be?

Eastern America keeps on colonising, so does this country. Why confine her, then, in all matters of statistical comparison, within her own narrow sea-girt limits. Be honest, bold advocates of the Absurd!

During the last financial year Turkey, by one means or another, has paid off about £2,300,000 of old debts; while her fresh borrowing has scarcely exceeded one-tenth that sum.

See the advantage of bad credit.

The *Times* is now indeed a wonderful machine, working harmoniously and faultlessly. Pity other papers do not follow its splendid example. The rising generation would then know much which is strange.

"The *Times* is the most reliable paper in Europe," a distinguished foreigner wrote.

Accepting the assertion, I declare, on the authority of the City Editor of that immaculate journal, that French credit is far above English. Last Friday, I learn, French Three per Cents sold for 121f. 20c. per cent. France has indeed cause to be proud.

England is nowhere! In the "dark ages," otherwise about the year 1736, Consols reached 113. Cruel Mr. Crump! Our last boast is gone.

In relation to the French loan, it is refreshing to learn that "10,250,000,000 francs *cash*" were subscribed in a day in Paris. Wonderful country! Statists must be altogether wrong about the extent of its currency.

It is also a pleasure to know, on the authority of the "reliable one," that the Russians "spent 400,000 men and 2,000,000 roubles on the war to give a constitution to the Bulgarians." This is exactly at the rate of five roubles to each man killed. Alexander II. was evidently very lavish with his men and very sparing with his cash.

Churches and Churchmen.

The Rev. S. F. Green, rector of St. John's Miles Platting, was yesterday lodged in Lancaster gaol for contempt of court in continuing to commit breaches of the rubric. Bailiffs are in possession of the rectory.

The Rev. R. Enraght, vicar of Holy Trinity, Bordesley, Birmingham, is not so well out of his afflictions as his brother of St. Vedast's. Another notice has been served on him, setting forth that a motion will be brought before Lord Penzance on Saturday, thus renewing the prosecution with a view to his re-imprisonment.

A year's work done by the London City Mission may be summarised as follows: Visits paid, 5,018,136; Bibles and Testaments distributed, 22,464; out-door services held, 4,046; new communicants, 1,699; drunkards reclaimed, 2,274; unmarried couples induced to marry, 172; fallen women rescued, 488; shops closed on Sunday, 177; children sent to schools, 3,448. The number of missionaries is about 500.

Music in the churches, Lent notwithstanding:—Bach's Passion Music, on Wednesday, at St. Stephen, Rochester-row, South Kensington, and on Friday, at St. Ann's, Soho; Spohr's *Calvary*, at St. Stephen, South Kensington, on Friday. All begin at eight—orchestral accompaniments. Tickets wanted for St. Anne's only.

The preacher this week at the daily services at 1.15 at St. Paul's Cathedral is the Rev. H. M. Villiers, the Ritualistic son of an Evangelical Bishop. Other people to hear are Rev. Daniel Moore, on Wednesday, and Hon. and Rev. Carr Glyn, on Friday, at Chapel Royal, Whitehall, at 12; Father Stanton, at St. Alban's, Holborn, to-night, at 8; Dr. Parker at the City Temple on Thursday, at 12; Rev. C. Beard, on Thursday, at 4, at St. George's Hall, Langham-place; and Canon Farrar at St. Andrew's, Holborn, on Thursday, at 8.15.

Mr. Gladstone is getting his share of ecclesiastical patronage, and the Worcester people are getting enough of Mr. Gladstone's nominees. The third canonry out of the four at Worcester Cathedral has just fallen to the disposal of the Prime Minister, by the resignation of the Rev. Sir G. F. Lewis, Bart. Canon Butler was only installed last November; Mr. Bradley, the Master of University, has only just been appointed; and now comes a third change. Somebody will be better off by £725 per annum and a house.

Dr. Barker, the Bishop of Sydney, is resigning on the ground of ill-health. He has had 27 years of up-hill work and deserves rest. The income of the see is £2,000.

It is announced that the Bishop of Salisbury is prevented by illness from attending to his Parliamentary duties. What are the Parliamentary duties of the Bishop of Salisbury?

It is a dreadful fact, but true, that the population of London increased last week by thirteen hundred, in spite of there being nearly sixteen hundred deaths. Small-pox was the cause of 58 of them—not births, of course.

Gossip of Town.

The toast-list at the Irish Graduates' Association annual dinner, held at the Holborn Restaurant, was pointed and short, though it included five "Ours," namely—"Our Rulers," "Our Guests," "Our Elders," "Ourselves," and "Our Next Meeting."

The Exhibition of labour-saving appliances has proved a decided success. The number of visitors has increased each day, until towards the close of the week it is somewhat inconveniently crowded, and presents a lively scene, especially in the evening.

The promoters have consequently determined to keep it open until Saturday, the 26th inst., on which day it is announced that the band of the Coldstream Guards will attend and play in the hall.

Will patriotic Highlanders like to hear it suggested that they are indebted for the idea out of which the modern "kilt" has been gradually evolved to a "false Sassenach"—and that Sassenach a Quaker.

Nevertheless, such, I believe, is the fact. The name of our inventive friend was Thomas Rawlinson, who flourished somewhere about the time of the first George.

I hear that the International Exhibition of British and Foreign Woollens, to be held in London during the approaching summer, is to assume vast proportions.

There is to be no lack of prizes, and in addition to the announced list of prizes, the Clothworkers' Company are going to give sixteen special gold medals for competition.

Beautiful as the site of Four Oaks racecourse is, it overlooks scenery still more charming. There is not in the Midlands, perhaps not in all England, a piece of woodland more varied and picturesque than the Old Chase of Sutton Coldfield. Brake and dell, and rolling, gorse-clad upland, are varied by long stretches of water, and many an acre of verdant meadow. The park in summer is the great resort, not only of the toiling masses in Birmingham, but of the dismal Black Country, from which issue on Saturdays and Sundays in summer traps of all shapes and sizes, freighted with pleasure seekers.

Hampstead has, indeed, every reason to be grateful to the plaintiffs in the recent action against the Metropolitan Asylums Board for their championship of the cause of Hampstead. No place likes to have the monopoly of small-pox thrust upon it.

To settle a vexed question, it may be mentioned that Highgate Grammar School has the honour (or responsibility) of being the first meeting-place of "the Baroness" and her youthful husband. While the brothers Ashmead-Bartlett were attending that fine old school as "day boys" it happened that Lady Burdett-Coutts was present on a "speech day," and was so pleased with the elocution and appearance of the handsome American boy, who had a speech to recite, that she asked that he should be presented to her. Since then he has never wanted a good friend.

Harpers have been having rather a gay time of it lately. Lady Llanover keeps a pet bard on her establishment—one Gruffyd, an "ancient Briton," who appeared at the society's meeting the other day in what we are assured was the veritable costume of the ancient Britons, and called a "glawanen Onglog a chymmys." This last word looks suspiciously like chemise; but if history is not at fault, ancient Britons didn't wear chemises.

This aged and musical anachronism appears to have been a success, as the society scored £800.

John and Albert Roberts, also Welsh harpists, but not so ancient as Gruffyd, have been twanging the Eisteddfod harps before the Empress of Austria at Combermere, and a third Cambrian, we are told, gave "some species of pennillion singing."

We have heard pennillion singing, and it was dreary.

A lawn tennis quadrille is the latest novelty in dancing. It is not a graceful one.

Why not have a football *cotillon?*

Where are the new omnibuses? They say that ladies can ride outside them; but it will be a curious reversal of custom to find men compelled to take inside seats, and to hear the conductor asking, "Will any gentleman ride inside to oblige a lady?" But this is what it will come to if ladies take to the knife-board of the new 'bus.

John Gould's collection of birds has been bought by the British Museum for £3,000—probably one of the cheapest bargains they ever got.

It is a constant delight to lovers of natural history to see in progress the admirable arrangement of birds, with their natural surroundings, now in favour at the Museum. It only takes a few minutes now to read off all the history of a wild bird's life.

Nothing has transpired as to the individuality of the miscreant who tried to blow up the Mansion House with gunpowder and carpet bags.

But an extra watchman has been put on at the Royal Exchange.

Moreover, a reward of £100 has been offered, the official notice thereof announcing incidentally that the amount of gunpowder to have been forty pounds.

This has often been stated before, but not believed, and, if true, certainly gives "the attempt" a more serious complexion.

In the hope that we may be in time to prevent any further conspiracies against our civic buildings, among vintners, and licensed victuallers, we hasten to announce that the Lord Mayor of London is *not* a teetotaller.

Moreover, "one who has attended every public dinner given by the present Lord Mayor," writes to us to say that "the wines at at the Mansion House are both excellent and abundant."

The above are not meant for contradictions of Cuckoo notes. For The Cuckoo never said the Lord Mayor was a teetotaller, nor that the Mansion House wines were either bad or scanty.

We have only deplored the reports of coming changes; and as that original thinker, Policeman Samuel Cowell, recently observed, "Where there is smoke, there is probably fire."

Including guests of the Lord Mayor and retainers, there were not far short of fifty persons sleeping in the Mansion House on Wednesday night. The Lord Mayor, who arrived shortly after the discovery had been made, was told nothing. He first heard of the attempt to remove him from office at eight o'clock the next morning, from the lips of the chief of the City police; and, as I am told, received the announcement with comparative serenity.

Amongst the servants there was, of course, a good deal of excitement. Johnny, who alone of the domestics sleeps under his own roof-tree, in an east end suburb, mutters, "God save us." at intervals, and has made his will.

A large and fashionable audience attended the assault at arms of the Artists' Volunteer Corps at St. George's Hall, on Saturday. It was very military, but not so bloody as real war.

Benevolence towards Ireland is seasonable. We are glad, therefore, to hear that nearly £900 was collected in aid of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick at the Festival held on Friday. In the absence of the Duke of Edinburgh, Lord Donoughmore was in the chair.

Sir Stafford Northcote presided on Saturday at the anniversary festival held at Willis's Rooms, in behalf of the Farningham Home for Little Boys. It was an immense success in every way, and a total of subscriptions and donations of £1,600 was announced.

Davitt has been a good many things in his life, from a commercial traveller to a Constitutional traitor, but has never been a success in any one of them. Canada is now going to try him as a colonist. But he will fail as that, too.

Meanwhile, sympathisers have held a meeting at Montreal for the purpose of purchasing a homestead for him, and they have managed to get together fifty dollars.

This is not much. But interest for seven years has to be added.

We are glad to see the Mechi Fund still mounting up by donations of £100 at a time.

On Wednesday, the 30th, the Lord Chancellor will preside at the annual general meeting of the Barristers' Benevolent Association, to be held in the Middle Temple Hall.

If Mr. Schreiber can induce the Government to give the poor postmen a trifle extra wages in lieu of the humiliating Christmas boxes, I hope the next step will be to lighten their labour a li t'e. This is not a purely disinterested suggestion, for if postmen were not so overloaded with work I might have a chance of getting my letters at decent hours.

I remember the time when, in Clement's Inn, the first morning delivery was at about half-past seven to a quarter to eight. Nowadays a quarter to nine is nearer the time. At Streatham the last delivery at night is, I find, about ten, and I have even been startled with a rat-tat and a thump in the letter-box at 10.30.

The cause of all this is not registered letters or book parcels, but the stupidity of the great Post-office authorities who cannot, or will not, see that a great increase of work necessitates a greatly-increased number of workers. No doubt the registered letter system is an excellent one. It is sometimes cheaper and it is always less trouble to send money this way than by Post-office orders, and it reduces those temptations to fraud which it is not well to put in the way of poor men. But when the postman has to get a signature of somebody for every registered letter he leaves it is manifest that he cannot get on very quickly. The same remark applies when he is loaded like a pack-horse with parcels which cannot be got into letter-boxes.

Mr. Fawcett will please make a note of the above. I do not know whether it has ever occurred to that gentleman that some people have to go to bed very early, simply because their duties require them to be up and away from home very early in the morning. The gentlemen who toil for the entertainment and instruction of the public in bringing out THE CUCKOO every day could tell him something about this. When it is considered that our readers get all the talk and news of the day in a first edition, which is in the hands of readers at one o'clock, it will be easily perceived what a boon it would be if our daily sackful of letters could be deposited in the editorial rooms an hour earlier in the morning.

We may hope in a few years to walk from Dover to Calais. The engineers are hard at work drilling a hole 7 feet in diameter in the submarine chalk. They hope to advance at the rate of 30 feet a-day, in which case, presuming, of course, that the Channel does not get inside the tunnel, they may reach France in about four years.

Two important meetings of telegraph clerks were held at the Foresters' Hall, Aldersgate-street, denouncing the manner in which the Postmaster-General received the recent deputation, and urging the clerks to be united in support of their committee.

It is of considerable interest to the public to know that the dissatisfaction in the department is so great that the provincial clerks have been on the point of striking. Moreover, the London *employés* announce that if the provincial hands strike work, they will consider themselves bound to follow their example!

I see that it is proposed by the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education to hold a special loan exhibition of Spanish and Portuguese ornamental art, in the South Kensington Museum, during the summer. H.R.H. Prince Leopold presided at the first meeting of the committee of advice, held on Saturday.

The authorities of Westminster Abbey object to the transfer of Ashburnham House and its garden to the governing body of the school, and at a meeting presided over by the Dean on Saturday, it was resolved to take measures to prevent the transfer.

Courts and Courtiers.

Nassau (the district) presented Prince William of Prussia on his wedding-day, with eight hundred dozen of old hock. East Prussia sent the young couple a stud of six horses. These are sensible presents.

But perhaps the most notable of all was the service of plate presented by 100 towns, and costing £20,000. It will suffice to cover a table fifty feet long, and consists of a centre-piece in the form of a Venetian gondola, two candelabra of 31 lights and ten of 17, four jardinières, and four compotières, representing the chief natural products of Germany, besides a complete dinner service and 550 silver plates.

Of the more orthodox kind of presents I may note, the wondrous jewels contributed by Bradenberg and Silesia, relieved, however, by the originality of the casket in which they were contained. It was made partly of oak from a tree in the garden of the palace, where the Princess was born, and partly of the table on which, as an infant, she was laid for the inspection of the Palace inmates.

Princess Stephanie, who is about to marry the hope of the House of Hapsberg, a plain young man, but a good,

has received a trousseau worthy of her destinies. Her Royal mother, the Queen of the Belgians, has ordered all the trimmings to be of Brussels lace, than which nothing could be prettier or more patriotic.

H.R.H. Princess Louise has consented to become the patroness of Miss Rye's Emigration Home for Little Girls at Peckham Rye.

"Lady Sundridge" (the Princess Louise) has left Genoa for Florence. While at Genoa H.R.H. was fortunate enough to come in for the processionary masque of "The Return from the Crusades," intended for the Cardinal, but postponed for finer weather. The pageant is described as being both superb in detail and beautiful as a whole.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales accompanies the Prince of Wales to St. Petersburg for the funeral of the Czar, which is fixed for the 27th.

Lord Suffield, Lieutenant-General Sir Dighton Probyn, Colonel Teesdale, Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke, and Major-General Sir John Cowell will be in attendance on their Royal Highnesses.

Ireland scores a poor triumph in the fact that the Empress of Austria has not enjoyed in Cheshire such sport as has hitherto been her good fortune in the Emerald isle.

Her Majesty leaves Combermere on the 28th, stays a day or two at Windsor, and then travels to Vienna *viâ* Dover, Paris, and Brussels.

There is an investiture of the Order of the Bath to-day at Windsor Castle.

Some wonderful stories are told of the Princess Dolgorouki and her powers of second sight. It is stated that she saw in a *clairvoyant* trance that memorable last journey of the Czar and its terrible consummation, and when the news came to the Palace, she was found upon her knees at the foot of the Holy Image in her private rooms.

As soon as she heard the decree of immediate banishment from St. Petersburg, she cried out, "I am going; but give me the marriage ring." On being told this had been shattered by the explosion, she whispered, fainting, "Then it was all true," and in a half-unconscious state was taken to her sledge.

But Russian ladies, from the late Czarina downwards—to say nothing of Russian gentlemen—are all more or less spiritualists; and the stories of their extraordinary beliefs would delight all true disciples of the mystical creed of animal magnetism.

His Majesty the King of Sweden is better. The Queen will, therefore, probably keep her promise with Bournemouth, and bring her convalescent husband there to get well. Her Majesty is more than charmed with that beautiful watering place.

The Royal visit to Norwich has been fixed for Easter Monday. The Prince and Princess of Wales will arrive at twelve and leave at four.

According to the *Court Journal*, one who has studied Dumas says that the secret of Dumas's power, ever since his boyhood, has been "confessing women. There is hardly a *grande dame*, a little actress, or a famous *cocotte* in Paris whose secret Dumas does not know. Wherever he meets a woman he confesses her. In the *salons* of society he insinuates himself into the souls of the duchesses and marquises; he learns their secrets, their ideal, their desires, their sufferings. You have only to talk with any woman who has met Dumas to compare the evidence of several witnesses, and you will find that he has a regular system of confession perfected by the experience of a lifetime. He is not, either, always soft and gentle with women; he is, on the contrary, often bitter, sarcastic, coarse, even; but you will not find a woman who dislikes him."

Why did they rob Lord Raglan of the *immortelles* which Pelissier, his great companion in arms, had placed on his coffin? It is 26 years ago since our warrior was brought home from the Crimea to the quiet vault at Badminton, and when they opened it, on Saturday last, to place Lady Raglan by his side, the flowers were found looking as fresh as ever. A few moments in the air sufficed, however, to crumble the *immortelles* into ashes.

A contribution has been sent by His Royal Highness Prince Leopold to the Expenses Fund of the Richmond Industrial and Fine Art Loan Exhibition.

The unseemly disturbance at the residence of the late Baron Hanmer, which has already been mentioned in these columns, has resulted in the police court, where the intruders—or at least the principal Hanmer—who made a pretence to be heir to the deceased Baron, was bound over in £50 to keep the peace for six months.

The Earl of St. Germains, we regret to announce, died at eleven o'clock on Saturday night after a lingering and painful illness.

Countess Stanhope's assembly in Grosvenor-place, on Saturday night, was a brilliant affair. The party included several members of the Diplomatic Corps, and upwards of 200 guests.

Earl and Countess Granville are now at Windsor Castle.

Mr. and Mrs. George Stephen, who entertained His Royal Highness Prince Leopold in Canada, are in England, and have had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty.

His Grace the Duke of Teck has left England for Rumpenheim to attend the funeral of the late Princess Louise of Hesse-Cassel.

Prince Lobanoff has also left London, attended by Count N. Adelberg, to be present at the obsequies of the late Czar.

Delicate health necessitating change of air for Her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland, she is now staying at Cannes, accompanied by the Duke. Lord and Lady Hatherton are also at Cannes.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Donegall have returned to town, and now occupy their residence in Grosvenor-square.

Lady Helena French, daughter of the first Lord Arden, and sister of the sixth Earl of Egmont, died at the Parsonage, Rownhams, Southampton, on Saturday, aged 90.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone paid a visit to the Earl of Rosebery, at The Durdans, Epsom, on Saturday, and return to town to-day.

A marriage has been arranged for Easter between Mr. Wallace Houstoun, youngest son of Colonel Houstoun, of Clerkington, N.B., and Miss Matheson, eldest daughter of Mr. A. Matheson, M.P., of Ardross, N.B.

Mrs. Moncrieff held a particularly successful *matinée d'invitation* at Metzler's Rooms on Saturday.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has fixed Monday, May 9th, for the festival dinner of the Royal Hospital for Children and Women, at which His Royal Highness will preside

At the Arts Club.

London Society of April will contain the narrative "of an extraordinary adventure"—"A Night among the Nihilists of St. Petersburg."

Countess Jenozé, who recently published a memoir of M. de Berryer, was anxious to bring out a life of Mons. de Lamartine, whom she never knew. Madame de Lamartine begged her to relinquish the task, when the Countess, whose mania for writing is perhaps greater than her talent as an authoress, proposed turning her leisure hours to account on a life of the late Prince Imperial, but her family belongs to the rigid Faubourg St. Germain, which shuddered at the idea. Again thwarted in her feverish aspirations, the Countess has left Paris for Spain; and, in all probability, will, if no obstacle arise, bring out a life of the poor young Queen Mercedes.

Mr. Booth's last programme at the Princess's Theatre will combine *The Merchant of Venice* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, the latter condensed into two acts. He would gladly have produced other pieces, but for the obvious impossibility of obtaining proper scenic accessories or adequate support from the company.

No other representations than those of *Othello* have been decided upon during Mr. Booth's engagement at the Lyceum. *Venice Preserved* was suggested by Mr. Irving, but its production was not thought advisable by Mr. Booth. *Julius Cæsar* has been spoken of, but the cost it would entail will probably render it impracticable. Standard plays with two fairly equal parts are by no means common in the dramatic repertory.

Professor Webb, the translator of *Faust*, is possessor of a letter written to him by Lord Beaconsfield on the subject of his work. In the preface Professor Webb says that there were thirty-nine translations already. The ex-Premier urbanely observed that there would be no forty-first.

As the *Era* points out, Mr. Toole is able to hold his own with those who are boasting of long runs, and who count the extent of the popularity of their productions by years.

Pointing to his present programme, he might say, "This is the second year of *The Upper Crust*, the twenty-first of *Ici on Parle Français*, the nineteenth year of *The Steeplechase*, and the twenty-third year of *The Birthplace of Podgers*, in all of which I am playing my original part."

For a new theatre there is nothing like the Strand; and there are still plenty of sites in the numerous little slums behind the shops on either side of the way. But the moment you are known to want the property for a new playhouse, every proprietor's mouth opens wide enough for a principal entrance in the front of the new building.

Mr. Toole, only the year before last, had all but bought a charming little rookery just down a court opposite Coutts' bank. He had previously tried over the way a little further down; but the first words were, "For a new theatre, sir, I suppose?" The distinguished comedian faintly answered, "Yes," and was immediately asked a million down, and free admission for life for all the inhabitants. This time he put on a broad-brimmed hat, turned up his coat collar, seasoned his conversation plentifully with "thees" and "thous," pretended he wanted the ground for a Quaker's meeting house, and offered a moderate sum for a 999 years' lease. "Lord bless you, sir," answered the proprietor. "Why Mr. Toole would give twenty times the money any day. He's been seen peeping up the court twice lately."

The popular comedian had really set his heart upon the place, and had even settled, in his own mind, where he meant to have the garden and smoking-rooms which were to be the novel attraction of the new building. So he met the proprietor more than half way, and the new Quaker meeting-house was considered as good as built, but just before the lease was drawn up a china-and-glass man in the Strand unhappily recognised the features of the spurious Obadiah, and instantly refused to let him have an entrance through his premises under £250,000, or some such sum. So the deception got wind; and then the landlord wanted another half-million of money, or thereabouts; whereupon Mr. Toole rushed down and took the Folly, where he intends to remain. I may, perhaps, have exaggerated the figures a little, but the main facts are strictly true.

Is it generally known that Cardinal Manning is editing proprietor of the *Register?*

Talking, by the way, of Roman Catholic dignitaries, which of them was it that suggested to Mr. Legge the advisability of giving up his sketches of them? I know it was not the Cardinal, but am not sure it was not a Bishop.

Sims Reeves sings at the Philharmonic Concert at St. James's Hall on Thursday, and sings, too, three of his best songs, "Weary Flowers, "Hunter's Song," and "Lieder Kreis."

On Friday there is a concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society, Sir Michael Costa conducting. Handel's *Coronation Anthem*, Cherubini's *Requiem*, and Mendelssohn's *Athalie* are included in the programme.

A second performance of the *Lady of the Lake* is given to-night at the Holborn Town Hall. The composer of the cantata, Mr. J. Macfarren, will be present.

The twenty-fifth of this season's Monday Popular Concerts is given to-night. A quartet of Volkmann's, played in this country for the first time, will be performed by MM. Joachim, Strauss, Ries, and Hausmann. Madame Schumann will assist in the concert.

"Some American Humorists" is the theme of the lecture to be delivered by the Rev. Mr. Haweis at the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street. The first of them, on Washington Irving, was delivered on Saturday. But one ought to be a humorist to lecture on them.

The spring exhibitions at the French Gallery, Pall-mall, and at Messrs. McLean's and Messrs. Toot's galleries in the Haymarket, open to-day.

Playgoers generally will hear with much regret that that rising young actor and dramatist, Mr. A. W. Pinero, has been suddenly prostrated by a serious attack of illness. He appeared on Friday night in his part in the *Corsican Brothers*, but felt very ill after the performance, and on Saturday morning the symptoms were so serious that he was obliged to give up all thought of playing on that day, and his place was taken by Mr. Elwood. It is to be hoped that the author of the *Money-Spinner* will soon be able to resume his duties.

What is the use of being historically, or geographically, or nationally, accurate? Tartar soldiers, it seems, wear horse-tails sticking out of their helmets. Horse-tails, therefore, are liberally supplied by the Adelphi management to the Tartar army in *Michael Strogoff*. Result: roars of laughter at the poor embarrassed "supers" from an ungrateful and inappreciative audience.

The new theatre which Mr. Alexander Henderson is building is not in Coventry-street, as stated, but in Panton-street, which runs parallel to Coventry-street from Princes-street into the Haymarket.

When Mr. Henderson's new theatre is built he will be the owner of four play-houses in London, without counting the Royalty, where his wife, whom the world best knows as Miss Lydia Thompson, is to open in the autumn as manager and leading performer.

Rather out of the way this; but not more so than the St. James's, or the new house which is now *really* going to be built opposite the Freemasons' Tavern.

Playgoers are a fastidious race. Any one might naturally suppose that when a man wants to go to a particular theatre he would not care much whether his cab horse turned up one street or another so long as he arrived at the right door. But the truth is, that in theatre-building locality is very important, though not all important.

Mr. Hollingshead is immovable at the Gaiety, notwithstanding Mr. Charles Harris's rash statements to the New York reporter who lately interviewed him. The late Mr. Lionel Lawson's executors are sensible men, and prefer the manager who has paid his rent punctually ever since the house opened, more than twelve years ago, and has, moreover, made its reputation. I wonder how many theatrical managements have come and gone since that clever journalist first took to his present fascinating but terrible business?

The attacks on "Mud-salad Market" in *Punch* (which, by the way, were written by Mr. Hollingshead), have, I fancy, had something to do with the sudden waking-up of the parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, to the absurdly low parochial rates paid by the Duke of Bedford.

It is only fair that the parish should now direct their attention to the absurdly unequal assessment of theatres in the same neighbourhood. Covent Garden Theatre has hitherto been rated by obsequious officials at the ridiculous value of £3,000 a-year—less by £200 than the assessment of another theatre near by, which is only one-half the size.

Rates are a terribly heavy item in managers' accounts, and it is only fair that there should be no favouritism where there is such sharp competition. About £700 a-year is the average contribution of the London theatres of the better class to the parish revenues. They escape inhabited house duty, but only on the condition that nobody shall live in them.

If Mr. Irving took a fancy to have a bedroom fitted up in the Lyceum, the collector of Queen's taxes would be immediately down upon that popular tragedian for an extra 4,000 sixpences—that is £100 a-year—which would make his bedroom rather dear.

The new catalogue of the British Museum will fill 200 big volumes. Subscribers will have to pay five pounds a year, for which sum they will get five volumes. Very young men may perhaps live to get it.

There must be a sad want of common sense among the Museum authorities. They might easily get their two-and-a-half million of titles into half the number of volumes, but they go in for sumptuous print and margins, of which you may see samples in the reading-room in the temporary catalogues of "additions to the library." Close print is only an inconvenience in books to be read through. Mere books of reference, like catalogues, cannot be too compact. Is is now about five minutes' walk from one end of the great manuscript catalogue to the other. Readers ought to have ponies or bicycles provided them.

The Ballad Concerts for the People at the Victoria Coffee Music Hall are an interesting experiment on the tastes of the New Cut, but the Committee should take care to choose really good popular ballads—a department in which our native repertory happens to be strong. Mrs. Osgood will sing to threepenny galleries and sixpenny pits at one of them; Mr. Santley is also coming. Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Cowen, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan have already been announced as successive conductors. Even this, however, will not attract if the vocalists are allowed to puff new songs of the "spoony" class about dickey birds.

The recent proposal to hand over to the Literary Fund all the property of the long dormant Guild of Literature, did not, we understand, emanate in any way from the Council of the latter body. It was simply the idea of a private member of the Guild.

When it is remembered that Charles Dickens, the founder of the Guild, was all his life denouncing the constitution and management of the Literary Fund, it would certainly seem strange that the cash which he scraped together for his favourite project should go into the treasury of the detested rival.

Charles Dickens and his coadjutor, the late Mr. Dilke, were never tired of contrasting the extravagant expenditure of the Fund with the modest frugal accounts of the "Artists' Benevolent." It is for the benefit of the latter institution that the distinguished amateurs who, a year or two ago, got up a pantomime at the Gaiety (when Mr. Gilbert played harlequin), are going to give another performance at the same theatre. This time they will produce an amateur burlesque.

Miss Isabel Bateman's great difficulty just at present is to find a lady to play a charming comedy part in a new play by Mr. H. A. Jones, which she has in preparation. Unfortunately, the charming comedy ladies seem to be all engaged.

This lady has no present intention of giving up the management of Sadler's Wells. It is more a question of health than anything else. Her friends are afraid the work will kill her, but she does not agree with them. Miss Bateman had offers to take the theatre, but none that she has cared to accept.

Getting home to his big house in Clapham-park—much more to his little farm out Sutton way—is more than Mr. Byron cares to accomplish after a hard night's work at the Adelphi. Hence he has pitched his tent once more in Eccleston-square. He will not trouble his head again with growing bigger potatoes or finer asparagus than his neighbours till *Michael Strogoff* will give him a chance of renewing these favourite pursuits of his leisure hours.

The Dramatic Authors Society have sent a liberal subscription to the fund of the Law Amendment Association for preparing their new Copyright Bill. Can this be the reason why these reformers propose to leave playwrights in full enjoyment of their privilege of robbing novelists of their plots and dialogue? Lord Beaconsfield was more mindful of authors' grievances; but these law amenders distinctly decline to adopt the Bill prepared by the late Government in which this injustice was remedied. Mr. Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon will, no doubt, have their eye on them.

Then there is another old bone of contention. Great authorities have declared that there is no copyright in anything first published in a newspaper, which is rather a serious matter, for some of our best novelists have published their stories in this way. It is true that other great authorities have expressed a contrary opinion; but anyway the Society, while they are about it, should try to settle the matter.

Law and Police.

"We can talk going along," said the policeman to his victim. The victim was a lunatic, and talked going along. He confided to the policeman that he was the Emperor of France, that the Queen approved his claims, and that all that remained was to lay the matter before Lord Lyons.

In the meantime, going along talking, they had reached the Marylebone Police-station, and the policeman informed the lunatic that, merely as a formality to coronation, of course it was necessary to go in there with him. The Emperor of France accordingly entered, and on Saturday had an opportunity of repeating his tale to the magistrate.

But, as the police proved he was an engineer living in Cavendish-road, and the doctors deciding he was suffering from delusions, the claimant of the Throne was passed on to the workhouse.

More revolvers! A gang of Birmingham thieves, surprised at their work on Saturday night, used their revolvers, but without effect.

Very few men can use a revolver at a critical moment "with effect," at a greater distance than six inches.

"What's that?" asks a man, looking from the pavement into a cellar window in Great Wild-street, Drury-lane, on Saturday. "Bless me," replied his companion, "It's a dead body!"

And so it was, the dead body of an old woman. She had been "missing" for a fortnight—but not missed so much that anybody had troubled themselves to look for the poor old creature.

You are quite right, Mr. Sheriff Lees; there are just as great criminals in the Glasgow police force as there are out of it. But of course, as you are aware, there are black sheep in every fold. Not so very long ago, it may occur to you, a Scotch Sheriff was sent several years to prison for forgery.

Sharp, Smart and Brown, the trio of youths charged before Alderman Sir R. W. Carden, the elect of Barnstaple, have been sentenced, the two former to two months', and the last to one month's, imprisonment for pocket-picking.

Sharp and Smart had not been smart and sharp enough to escape this or a previous conviction, so they were dealt with sharply and smartly; the duller Brown getting off with a moiety of the allowance. Though Brown, he was only half done compared with the others.

Will somebody supply for publication the names of the "ladies" who, day by day, lend their ears to the disgusting details of the filthiest exposure of recent years? Surely in a case like the Chamberlain Barnwell, the judge might fairly exercise his powers of excluding women from the court.

After three days' debating, judgment has been given as to the amount of rates which the Duke of Bedford should pay as Lord of the Market of Covent Garden. Those who do not sympathise with his Grace's mismanagement of the Mud-Salad property will be content to hear that the Duke, instead of paying on the rateable value of the market at £4,200, will be assessed by the parish at £10,000.

A respectable person was walking along the street in Croydon the other day, when he met a poor man, who said he was hungry; so stepping into a friend's shop, a baker's, he took up a loaf and gave it to the beggar, leaving the shop himself at the same time. A sagacious policeman saw the transaction, and at once apprehended the giver of the loaf on the charge of stealing it; and though the baker, being called up, laughed and said "Nonsense" when asked to charge his friend, the policeman actually took the man to prison. Moreover, when the baker went to bail out his friend, the police gave him the charge-sheet instead of the bail-sheet to sign, and then, on the strength of the document, kept the prisoner locked up all night! When brought before the magistrate on Saturday he was, of course, acquitted, but the policeman was not flogged.

"She was as sober as a judge," said a petitioner in the Divorce Court on Saturday when it was suggested to him that his wife's confession of having been kissed by some one else was due rather to beer than contrition. Sir James Hannen is the soberest of the sober judges who should be set to preside in the court, but even he smiled.

The petitioner, a waiter at an hotel, confessed to occasionally betting on races, and according to his account the alleged Lothario, when caught at his door, explained the fact by saying that he had come to give him a tip on a race. He would have been a better waiter, and perhaps a better husband, if he had not bet. As it was, the jury were unable to agree whether his wife was the worse half of the waiter or not.

Cuckoo Notes.

It is whispered by those in the secret that the Earl of Morley will soon have to make room for Sir Garnet Wolseley, who goes as a Peer from the Quartermaster-General's Department to the War Office, and will have his platform in the Legislature as Parliamentary Under Secretary of State.

Should that genial giant, Fred Burnaby, one of the best squadron leaders I know, drop in for the command of "The Blues," as I hope, the vacant majority will pass to Captain David Home.

Certain practical philanthropists are about to establish a fish market outside the City limits, but in connection with a fleet of trawlers in the North Sea and on the Irish coasts. Very good indeed. But just a question, please. If they wish to be prosperous and not follow the fate of Columbia Market, have they solved the knotty problem of squaring the Billingsgate ring?

We learn from Scotland that grouse are very plentiful and healthy on the Highland moors. If the weather only keeps dry during the hatching season, good sport may be anticipated in the autumn.

It was quite time that Government insisted upon a close season in Ireland. Landlords were getting very scarce, and if Mr. Gladstone had not come to their rescue, there appeared to be every prospect of their total extermination.

Since the passing of the Coercion Bill, better accounts have reached us from all quarters.

Vera Sazzovlitch is at present in Geneva, and is about to publish a "Sketch of the late Czar," to be printed in London,

The remark, "That's a rum thing, too,"—as a comment upon a legal decision—in the Court of Common Pleas, cost a man the other day £10. I may add that the finer was Mr. Justice Hawkins.

Madame Modjeska appears as Juliet at the Court Theatre on Saturday next.

Three Members of the House of Commons have introduced a Bill for the entire closing of public-houses during the polling day on Parliamentary elections.

The Prince and Princess of Wales leave London this evening for St. Petersburg.

Cleopatra's Needle is to find appropriate company on the Embankment. Two large sphinxes of bronze, designed from the original in Egypt, are being cast and will flank the great monolith on either side.

Mr. Shirley Hibberd will discourse to-day in his own bright way upon a bright subject—the tulip. The lecture-room will be the Conservatory of the Royal Horticultural Society, and there, among hyacinths, tulips, amaryllis, and cyclamen, he will tell us all that is known of the brilliant queen of the spring *parterre*.

Mrs. Carr is to be rewarded for seeing the brown paper burning, and will probably agree with the nation that it was the best day's work any woman could do.

Of course, Samuel Cowell will also be recompensed. Departmental promotion will probably be his best reward.

Our suspicions of treachery on the part of the Boers are strengthened by this morning's news. Fighting is said to have been going on near Pretoria during the period of the armistice.

In the meantime our cattle and horses are suffering; and it is only the Boers who have derived advantage from the delay in the renewal of hostilities.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts and her husband left the the Rose Hotel, Canterbury, on Sunday, for Dover.

It is a fierce light that beats upon a throne. Windsor Castle is to be illuminated by electric light.

The undergrads of Brasenose College, Oxford, seem to have had a fine time of it in their quad the other night on their "torpid" becoming head of the river. The eight were "carried," an awful row made with all manner of musical instruments, a bonfire lit under the statue of Cain and Abel, Cain's arm broken off, and the porters "ragged." For these harmless little amusements the Dons refuse to allow the college to have a "bump supper," which is a time-honoured festival always indulged in by those colleges which have excelled in rowing.

The Grosvenor Gallery has been placed at the disposal of the Sunday Society for two Sundays, and next Sunday the public will be admitted by free tickets.

The "Dark Blue" athletes are, for a wonder, in advance of their brethren of the Cam, having held their annual University competitions and chosen their representatives for Lillie Bridge on the 7th of April, while the Cantabs will not have their University gatherings until Thursday, Friday, and Saturday next. We have been favoured by the committee with the names of the gentlemen selected to do battle for Oxford, but those of their opponents cannot be furnished until the beginning of the ensuing week.

1.—*Hundred Yards.*—Messrs. C. H. Cave, New College, and L. Carter, Corpus Christi ditto.

2.—120 *Yards Hurdle Race.*—Messrs. G. P. Lawrence, Corpus Christi, and J. A. G. Fellows, Exeter College.

3.—*High Jump.*—Messrs. F. R. Beaumont, Oriel College, and C. W. Wilson, Exeter College.

4.—*Long Jump.*—Messrs. M. Peacock, Trinity College, and G. P. Lawrence, Corpus Christi.

5.—*Mile Race.*—Messrs. T. E. Wells, Magdalen College, A. S. Orlebar, Worcester College, and Mr. Hobson, Christ Church.

3.—*Three Mile Race.*—Messrs. F. R. Benson, New College, H. G. Chesshire, Worcester College, and C. M. Hawker, University College.

7.—*Quarter Mile.*—Messrs. W. O. Hughes, Magdalen College, and E. F. Growse, Balliol College.

8.—*Putting the Weight.*—Messrs. W. Lawrence, St. John's, and A. M. Evanson, Jesus College.

9.—*Throwing the Hammer.*—Messrs. W. Lawrence, St. John's, and B. H. Latter, Christ Church.

From what can be gleaned, the "odd event" will be a close thing, and we should not be surprised to see it determined again by 5 to 4, although we should not like to speculate on the winner of the rubber.

Oxford is in a state of some excitement just now as to the result of their Commission, the report of Messrs. Cave, Cowie, and Ridley being hourly expected. We confess to a curiosity ourselves as to the fate of some of the individuals who sit on the magisterial bench in the Town Council, or as officials under Government.

It is understood in Scotland that Mr. Charles Cooper, formerly of the *Morning Star*, has been definitely appointed Editor of the *Scotsman*, or, at all events—to adapt a celebrated definition of Sydney Smith—to "discharge editorial functions." As Mr. Cooper is (or was when in London) a Roman Catholic, such an appointment is looked upon as another triumph of religious toleration in that country.

Eighty years ago to-day General Sir Ralph Abercrombie, landing in Egypt, won the battle of Alexandria, receiving his death wound (as Wolfe had done previously and as Nelson did afterwards) in the moment of victory, and expiring a week afterwards.

To-night, according to annual custom, the Highland Society will celebrate the anniversary with a grand banquet in Freemasons' Hall, during which the hero's memory will be toasted in solemn silence.

Apropos of the memories awakened by this incident, supposing Mr. Childers to have persisted in his determination to abolish the distinctive tartans in the Queen's Army, the political opinions of the Highlanders would, without doubt, have resembled those of Bob Sawyer, who, when asked by the Eatenswill editor if his views were blue or buff, answered that he rather thought that at that moment they were a sort of plaid!

All the Cabinet Ministers were present at the meeting held on Saturday.

The Irish Roman Catholic public is altogether on the side of Mr. M Sullivan and Dr. Croke in their attitude towards the Archbishop of Dublin. It was Dr. Croke who supplied the Land League with the famous text, "The husbandman who laboureth must first partake of the fruits." Dr. Croke has not answered the various attacks upon his translation; he is, probably, stronger in politics than in Greek.

The lion of the tribe of Judah roareth not, his voice is not heard across the Shannon, nor the noise of his far-resounding *brool* among the tribes of Clanrickard.

The funeral of the late Lady Lush took place to-day in the Kensal-green Cemetery.

The Day's Amusements.

Cricketers ought to be very thankful to the Hon. T. W. Pelham for his useful little Manual of Cricket. The price, too, is modesty itself—only 2d.

McDonald, the stud groom, writes as follows regarding his dispute with the other servants on the staff of the Empress of Austria:—"You say I did not give a moment's warning; this I deny, as five days previous to my leaving Combermere I told Herr Linger I would remain no longer, and explained my reasons to him, which he well knows. I had fully intended to leave on that day, but was persuaded by Herr Linger to stop on.

"I may further add that I entered into no engagement whatever to take charge of Her Majesty's horses after their arrival at Combermere, the post of Master of the Horse being purely an honorary one. Relative to the wages paid to the helpers, people reading your article might think it was I who instituted the high rate of wages. Such, however, is not the case. From the first time Her Majesty came to England till last year the helpers received £1 (one pound) a week and their board in the house. Last year Herr Linger objected to their being boarded in the house, and allowed them each 2s. extra per day as board wages. This year I paid them the same, by his orders.—I remain, &c.—Belville-house, Ashtown, near Dublin."

Mr. W. I'Anson's (the well-known northern trainer) will has been proved to be under £15,000.

Heavily swollen by the thawing of the snow, the northern rivers have not been in good condition for angling during the past week. Both the Tay and the Tweed are, however, subsiding.

Last week there were caught by the different anglers in Loch Tay twenty-five salmon, the total weight of which was 529lb. Sir Harry Burrard, I see, is credited with the first Hampshire salmon of the season.

The third annual ball in aid of the French Hospital and the Italian Benevolent Society takes place on Thursday at the Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen-street.

Glass ball shooting promises to become a lucrative calling. At the finish of the match at the Aquarium on Saturday, to Scott and Carver came a telegram from the ubiquitous Reeves Smith, of London-super-Mare, offering them a cool two thousand pounds to shoot another match at 50,000 glass balls in thirty separate contests.

On Saturday the Oxford crew were out twice on the water at Marlow doing hard work. The Cambridge crew were afloat, too, and after the exercise sent their boat to Mortlake.

The Light Blues spent yesterday at Brighton.

Saturday's business at the London clubs on the Lincolnshire Handicap was not very significant, and the betting on the course this afternoon during the intervals of racing will be the more reliable guide.

Flat racing begins this afternoon at Lincoln. Some of the old school of sportsmen still hold the opinion that the season is not properly inaugurated until the Newmarket Craven comes round, but these numbers are year by year becoming smaller and will soon entirely disappear.

Reports all agree that only fine weather is needed to make the gathering on the Carholme a brilliant success. Already the number of horses on the spot ensures capital sport, while the chief item in the programme will produce one of the largest fields on record.

It is by no means improbable, after all, that Abbot of St. Mary's will be steered by I'Anson, a rumour being current that Jupiter Tonans has met with an accident.

Liberator has been so substantially supported in the right quarter for the Grand National that all doubts now as to his running are at an end. It is difficult to see anything in the race likely to lower his colours.

The Empress of Austria, who on Saturday hunted with her favourite pack, the Wynnstay, enjoyed by far the best sport yet experienced this season. A rare dog fox broke from his covert almost before the hounds had been sent in and going straight away saved his brush after a seventeen miles' chase, which, with three checks, occupied about an hour and a half. Although considerably impeded by the numerous crowd of horsemen in the early stages, Her Majesty occupied a prominent position all through, and when the pace had somewhat thinned the ranks, took her place among the foremost flight and kept there to the end.

Lord Yarborough will, after the end of this season, carry the horn with the Brocklesby pack himself, and he is anxious to find a huntsman's place for Thatcher, who is a man of good repute.

Lord Stamford's horses, ten in number, that have up to now been trained by Hopper at Lambourne, were on Saturday removed to Kingsclere, to be trained for their future engagements by John Porter.

Mr. James Gordon-Bennett has been making things very attractive for the aristocratic visitors at Pau lately, and has instigated *fêtes* of almost every description.

The pigeon shooting season will close at Monte Carlo with a contest for the Prix de Clotine, which is being shot to-day, and will be concluded to-morrow. There are very few of the English division competing.

The St. Andrew's University Golf Club medal competition took place on Saturday. R. Forgan won the silver medal with a score of 91, while Lord Carnegie secured second place with 86 only.

Competitions for the amateur boxing championships are, I see, announced under two distinct managements; the first to take place at Lillie-bridge on April 9, and the second at St. James's Hall on April 12. The Lillie-bridge affair, which will be under the supervision of the Marquis of Queensberry, Sir J. W. Astley, General Goodlake, V.C., and others, may be termed *the* competition.

If, as has been said, it is a fact that the University crews are as anxious as possible to evade and avoid public criticism, I would suggest to the members of the rival eights that they do their dressing close to the place of embarkation, and not go strolling through the streets of Putney and Mortlake showing their naked legs day after day, as has in some instances been done in former years. To persevere in this breach of etiquette when they have the wherewithal for toilette arrangements close to their work, appears to me to be courting notoriety with a vengeance.

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